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ABSTRACT

An examination was made into the problems of development of creative reasoning. Historical comments regarding the probable development of creative thought were amplified by glimpses into the lives of several mythical prehistoric characters. Contemporary classroom techniques designed to stimulate creative thought were presented for use in the areas of dance, sports, and physical education. Moreover, the student was encouraged to verbalize these thoughts and the feelings experienced while searching for meaning during the creative process. Examples of several student responses to the techniques demonstrated their effectiveness. (BD)

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ESTES PARK, COLORADO
OCTOBER 4-5, 1968

THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN SPORTS DANCE

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I. THE CREATIVE PROCESS

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Central District Association for Physical Education
of College Women
Estes Park, Colorado October, 1968

When your Program Chairman asked me to stand in for my long-time friend Arthur Steinhaus, she assured me that you were well aware of my limitations in the area of scientific foundations; and she assured me that you would be much better pleased if I talked about some other topic. Fortunately, the notes for four lectures I had given at Temple University a few months ago were still in my file — and those lectures were about "the creative process." So, with a few revisions as we go along, this will be a repeat performance — beginning this morning with a general discussion of human creativity and the creative process, proceeding to dance this afternoon, to sport tomorrow morning, and to physical-education-in-general for our closing session.

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Everyone knows that Thomas Edison made the first electric light bulb. But who made the first round, hollow object? We all know that Albert Einstein devised the formula $E = mc^2$. But who figured out the first formula? And of course, we all know that Leonardo da Vinci painted the Mona Lisa. But who made the first picture? Who created the first art form?

Today, many students are wearing circular mandalas hung on chain or bead necklaces. But who discovered the symbolic power of a circular form crossed by straight lines? Who made the first mandala?

Mandala forms were created by men who lived in the Paleolithic Age; they have been created and re-created by children in virtually

every culture; they are being created today by children who know nothing about mandalas or Paleolithic ancestors. They are being created or brought into being by children who are formulating their own emergent understanding of the universe in this well-nigh universal way. They are being created spontaneously; they are being made out of the stuff of human understanding; and they are meaningful to the children who make them long before they can talk about man's abiding interest in the creation of such man-made forms.

Many of my own speculations about the dynamics of the "creative process" start at this point — with the wordless creativity of children, and the equally non-verbal creativity of wordy creatures like myself. In order to explore these non-verbal dimensions of the creative process, I invented a wordless man called UG, who lived long, long ago — perhaps in Paleolithic times, or perhaps even earlier than that. In either event, he did not yet know that he had a peculiarly human kind of brain which enabled him to think and act in peculiarly human ways, and he was not burdened with a lot of old theories about how human beings function. Rather, he simply was what he was, and he did what every human child does — he used himself as he was, doing what was "natural" to his own being, without asking how or why. And thus, in his own natural, spontaneous, wordless way, he brought the first round, hollow clay pot into being. Or we might say, in his own non-verbal way, he composed one of the earliest lines in "a new text of the world" — a man-made text of ideas and forms born of the stuff of human understanding.

The words "A new text for the world" — like all of the quotations used as chapter-headings in Movement and Meaning — are taken from the writings of Wallace Stevens. The whole quotation, as I want to use it for the "text" of this morning's lecture, reads like this:

A new text of the world,
A scribble of fret and fear and fate,
From a bravura of the mind...
A courage of the eye...
A text of intelligent men
At the center of the unintelligible...

But before we talk about UG and his "new text," let me first review some of my earlier attempts to sort out my own understanding of human creativity — which were pursued along more conventional lines.

Several years ago I began by doing what every good researcher does; I read everything that other people had written on the subject. In time, I compiled quite an impressive list of books and articles, and a rather impressive list of books and articles, and a rather impressive list of theories about the various aspects of the creative process. So I decided to offer a seminar on this topic — which is usually the next step.

But somewhere along the way something happened to me — something which has also happened to all of you many times.

One day in December I was sitting at my desk with all these wordy materials spread out in front of me, and I thought I was thinking about the first lecture for my seminar group. But what I was really thinking about was pine branches, my own front door, and the fact that Christmas, Channukah, and Ramadan all happened to fall in the same week of the holiday season. I tried to brush away this tangle of thoughts, but it would not go; and my need to do something about all this was far greater than my interest in the lecture I was preparing. So, without really making a decision. I pushed the wordy papers away, went to the market, and poked around among the pine trees the Boy Scouts had assembled on the parking lot.

I did not know exactly what I was looking for; but I knew it when I saw it, even though at that time I did not know what I was

going to do with it. And I still had no "picture" in mind as I carried the little pine tree home, hacked off its branches, and stacked them on my kitchen table. But as I started pushing the branches around, arranging them this way and that way, a pattern began to emerge -- and I knew it was the pattern I wanted.

Why did that pattern match my complex feelings about Christmas, Channukah, Ramadan, the holiday season, and my own front door? I really can not say, because I could not explain it to myself. Rather, it just seemed right to me. And so I wired the branches together in that way, and hung my "new text" on the door -- quite content to let "the world" interpret it in any way it might choose.

Then I went back to my desk, but I could not keep my attention focused on my lecture notes because I was still thinking about the complex experiences I had been involved in while I was trying to bring a new form into being.

At that point, I did not have to ask "the authorities: How does the creative process work? I knew how the creative processes function because I knew how these processes had worked in me. I knew this within my own experiencing of these events or phenomena; I knew this because I, myself, had been involved in the creative processes of bringing a new idea and a new form into being.

So I asked myself: How can I involve my students in the process of finding out how it is with them — so they won't have to take my word for it — or the word of any other quasi-authority? How can I induce them to do their own thinking about the complex processes of human creativity?

At the first meeting of the class I did not talk about creativity or the creative process. I simply made an assignment. I asked the

students to start thinking about some minor problem they had encountered in their dealings with life — or with physical education.

For example, how could they open a can of beer if they did not have a can opener? (Actually, one student chose this problem several years ago, and brought in a tinfoil mock-up of a pull-top can; but, alas, he stopped there, so he did not profit from a great idea...) Or, where shall I put the stirring spoon between stirrings when I am making gravy or stew? (That one was solved some years ago, and you can now buy gravy-drip-spoon-holders in any department store.) Or, what can be done with wet tennis shoes? (This question intrigued one student, who eventually brought in a very neat solution which any locker manufacturer might well consider.)

I did not tell them what problems they should consider. I did not tell them how to go about working on the problems they chose for themselves. I simply assigned the task of solving some problem which interested them; and I asked them to carry through to the extent of making a model or a mock-up of a device or gadget which would represent that solution.

Most of the students were aghast; and some of them were furious. They said: How can we do what you want us to do if you won't tell us what you want? How can we learn what we are supposed to learn if you won't tell us what we are supposed to learn? What ideas do you want us to find in this project? How will it be graded? What questions will you ask in the final examination?

And so I must warn you that any teacher who attempts to involve students in the creative process must be prepared to endure a great deal of active dislike, actively expressed — because students long accustomed to "being told" are often confused and frightened by enforced

freedom.

But for all the muttering and grumbling that went on during the early weeks of class, every student did complete this assignment. Eventually, every student did create an idea, and every student did invent, devise, formulate, or create a substantial form which exemplified that idea. And, having done this, every student was proud of his own creation and eager to present and explain his model to his colleagues during "show and tell" time.

When all the ideas and models were in, we then compared notes with each other about how we had experienced the complex process of recognizing a problem, and developing a substantial form which could objectify that idea or solution. And at that point we did not have to ask: What do "the authorities" say? What does Koestler or Bruner or Barron or Torrance or Guilford say about the dimensions and dynamics of human creativity? Rather, we could talk about our own understanding of the creative process as we had experienced it for ourselves. And thus we discovered that we had learned much about human creativity, and that we had learned it in the way that counts most — by recognizing that "this is how it is with me."

At this point there was no need to explain what Albert Einstein was talking about when he said: "I seldom think in words at all; I work out the idea first, and then much later I try to explain it in words." They understood what Einstein was saying because this was how it had been within the realm of their own personal experiencing of the wordless or non-verbal process of formulating a new-born idea which had not yet been given a name.

They also understood what T. S. Eliot was talking about when he described the process of creating a poem as "a raid on the inartic-

ulate" pursued within "the general mess in imprecision of feeling undisciplined squads of emotion." They understood these words, too, because they, too, had been raiding the inarticulateness of their own feelings, their own emotions, their own vague conceptions, their own non-rationalized hunches, and their own sources of ideas yet unborn.

So within this set of experiences which led to the creation of a few ingenious and original gadgets and devices, the students and I learned much about the non-verbal dimensions of human understanding and human creativity. We learned much about the values of learning by "being involved" rather than "being told". And we learned much about the dynamics of the creative process — not only as it operates in the lives of geniuses, but as it operates or can operate in the lives of all physical educators and their students — if given half a chance.

This set of experiences led to the development of many other approaches, devices, techniques, and experiments. Many of these are listed in the Appendix of Movement and Meaning (McGraw-Hill, 1968); others will be mentioned later as we talk about dance, sport, and physical education. These experiences also led to the idea of UG, the wordless man who created the first round, hollow clay pot — and eventually to the ideas of the first scientist, the first artist, the first dancer, the first athlete, and the first philosopher. Personally, I have found UG and his friends most helpful as I have tried to sort out my own thinking about the non-verbal dimensions of human understanding and human creativity — so let me return to them now, in the hope that you, too, will find them interesting and useful.

One of the many forms that UG and his companions created was a round, hollowed-out form, commonly called a clay-pot. It was a

useful form. It formulated UG's recognition of a relationship between "hollowness" and the functions which "hollowness" might perform for man. And so we may ask: How did UG happen to recognize this relationship? How did he go about the process of creating a hollow form that would perform one of the possible functions of "hollowness"?

As I think about my own UG-ish attempts to bring new forms into being, it seems to me that they all begin in the same way. They begin as a feeling of being perplexed by something I can not understand. (The word perplexed is particularly appropriate because it originally referred to the idea of many strands that are plexed or plaited or twisted together — or the idea of "being tied up in a knot.")

At the time I feel this perplexed feeling, I may interpret it as indigestion — or perhaps as an annoying headache. Then later — sometimes much later — I can think back to it and recognize that it was the feeling I usually feel when I am just about to have an idea.

When UG felt this perplexing feeling stirring within him, I think he probably behaved much as you and I do under similar circumstances. I think that he walked around in a daze, stumbling over obvious sticks and stones, mumbling and muttering, picking things up and putting them down, often forgetting what he was doing, and being generally clumsy, irritable and inefficient. And at times he just stood there, looking up, looking down, scuffing at the earth with his feet, and clutching at the emptiness of space with his hands.

In time, UG's hands found a blob of clay, and he closed his fingers around it, and left his own imprint in it.

As UG squeezed the clay with his hands, it crumbled and fell apart. So he dipped the dry crumbs in the waterhole. The water held the crumbs together, but the wet clay slithered between his fingers. So he mixed some air with the clay and water; and he mixed the heat

of the sun with the water, air, and clay. And again and again he shaped and re-shaped the mixtures he held in his hands.

At about this point in my own creative pot-making efforts I usually begin to get some insight into the perplexities of my own feelings. And since I think that all human beings probably sort out the perplexities of their feelings in much the same way I do, I think that UG probably sorted out the blurred and fuzzy relationships within his feelings in this way, too.

As he made the clay interact with water, air, and fire, he recognized some of the relationships between and among these material elements. As his hands interacted with the clay mixture, he began to formulate some vague conceptions of hollowness, roundness, smoothness, and roughness. And as he dipped the clay in the waterhole, he began to understand more about how his form was related to the waterhole, how he was related to the waterhole, and how the form might formulate a new set of relationships between himself and the water in the water-hole.

And perhaps some vague recognition of the hollowness of his cave, the roundness of the sun, or the smooth rounded hollowness inside his own thirsty mouth flitted through his awareness as he thought about some of the relationships he was actualizing in the clay mixture. Perhaps...perhaps...perhaps...for who can say what a wordless man might think and feel when he discovers a coherent pattern of relationships within a mixture of clay, water, air and fire?

Gradually, bit by bit, UG clarified his understanding of certain vaguely-perceived relationships by actualizing their patterns in the clay mixture. And in time he actualized his vague conception of the functions that might be performed by a hollow form by actually scooping

a potful of water from the waterhole and placing it in his fire.

The evidence of history does not suggest that UG's prehistoric companions were impressed by this demonstration of the utility of his new form — any my own experiences tend to confirm this impression. But in time, as UG used his pot again and again, and shared the food he cooked in it with his companions, some of them did get the idea. And soon many of them were making and using functional clay pots — even as many men are making and using such clay pots today.

Two of UG's companions, who may be called SCI and ART, were particularly thoughtful men. As they worked away at the task of making useful forms, they became intensely interested in what they were doing — and each man recognized his interest as a feeling of being perplexed by something he vaguely recognized but did not understand.

SCI felt that there were certain similarities in the patterns of many forms — the rounded rim of the pot, the sun, the waterhole, the fire pit, and the circle of men who were huddling around the fire. So, in his scientific way, he tried to sort out his awareness of these similarities.

He studied the pot carefully, focusing his attention on the rounded rim; and then he tried to sketch an outline of that rounded pattern. He also studied the sun and the waterhole, and sketched the patterns of circularity he recognized in them. Then he superimposed the second and third sketches on the first one, — but the outlines did not quite fit together, and there were little gaps and crossings around the edges.

So he tried to draw a wide line that would encompass all those gaps and crossings. And then he sketched some other examples of cir-

cularity, and superimposed those sketches on the wide line. There were still a few gaps and crossings, so he smoothed these out by widening the line — and then he drew some more samples. And when he was confident that his all-encompassing line was wide enough to include the outlines of all circular forms, he traced a fine line that ran half-way between the edges of the wide line.

Thus, in his scientific way, SCI abstracted a generalized pattern of circularity from the particularities of many circular forms. And thus SCI defined the idea that is now represented by the word <u>circle</u> — or by the formula - $A = pi\ R^2$.

As SCI worked away at his self-chosen task of defining a set of relationships that may be recognized in many forms, he was often aware of many vague thoughts and feelings that seemed to flit through his awareness — but he did not want to pay attention to anything that might blur and confuse his understanding of the generalized pattern of all circles, so he did everything he could to exclude these vague fancies from his consideration.

In contrast, his friend ART welcomed every vague thought and feeling that strayed into his awareness as he focused his attention on the particularities of some of the patterns he half-recognized in the pot he was making.

He was particularly interested in some patches of smoothness and roughness that had occured more-or-less accidentally as he shaped the clay with his hands. And he was particularly interested in the vague conceptions and feelings that flitted through his awareness as he concentrated his attention on these patches.

The patterns within these accidental patches were not clearly defined. Some of the smooth places were very smooth; others were

roughed up by incidental bits of roughness; and some of the rough places were blurred by accidental splotches of smoothness that confused the outlines of their rough patterns. And as he considered these blurred patterns, the vague conceptions and feelings that flitted through his awareness were equally blurred and confused.

So ART did what I think every artist does. He tried to think about the blurred patches and his blurred thoughts and feelings at the same time. He tried to juggle his awareness of both kinds of patterns up and down and back and forth, letting the two kinds of patterns interact with each other as they would. He tried to clarify and particularize his understanding of both kinds of patterns by exploring the interactions between them.

Of course I think UG and SCI did this too — because I think this is how all people try to sort out their feelings and thoughts about half-recognized relationships that they do not quite understand. But I think ART was more keenly aware of his own deliberate attempt to juggle his own recognitions up and down and back and forth in this way.

He picked up a blob of clay and smoothed a little patch of smoothness into it. Then he examined the patch carefully, searching out the patterns and relationships he had actualized in the clay. Then he turned his attention to the feelings and thoughts that had entered into his awareness while he was considering the clay patterns.

Tentatively, he flattened one projecting bit of clay and humped up another. He studied these new patternings carefully, and again he turned his attention to the patterns he found in his own thoughts and feelings. Had the change he had made in the organization of the clay clarified his awareness of the relationships he was recognizing in his own thoughts and feelings? Or had it tended to blur and confuse them?

Were his feelings and thoughts more interesting? Did he understand them a bit better? Or were they more vague and cloudy than before?

Tentatively, he shortened one line and lengthened another — and paused to consider the effect this change had on the organization of his thoughts and feelings. Then he equalized two lines — and again he searched the depths of his awareness for his understanding of this symmetrical relationship — or that curvilinear arrangement — or the relationship between this acute angle and that obtuse one.

And thus, dot by dot, and line by line, he worked and re-worked the patterns he was actualizing in the clay, searching for a particular pattern that might clarify his own understanding of a particularly interesting organization of thoughts and feelings.

And thus, dot by dot, and line by line, ART clarified his understanding of the particular patterns he had actualized in the clay, and his understanding of the thoughts and feelings that seemed to be evoked by his recognition of those patterns — and he had some understanding of the interactions between these two kinds of patterns.

But history does not suggest that ART's companions were greatly impressed by this formulation of his own understanding. And again my own experiences tend to confirm this observation.

Some of them scarcely looked at ART's form; and others glanced at it and turned away, muttering and mumbling about their inability to understand an idea that had not bee. defined and verbalized. Fortunately, however, some of them di focus ir attention on the patterns ART had actualized in his form — as they let themselves think and feel whatever they felt and thou they considered this organization of patterns, some of them did find themselves thinking and feeling some very interesting feelings and thoughts.

Perhaps ART had hoped that his companions would think and feel as he did when they recognized the patterns in his form. But of course he knew that they would not — because he knew that every man must seek out his own understanding of whatever relationships he may recognize within the complexities of the universe. And so ART was content to let his forms evoke whatever thoughts and feelings they might evoke — hoping only that the people who recognized the patterns he had actualized in the clay would find them interesting.

In time ART discovered that he could formulate interesting patterns in many kinds of material, and he discovered that he could stylize his patterns in many different ways. Sometimes he found the model for his particular patterns in familiar forms — and he made figures that could be recognized as men, or as animals, or as apples and bananas. Sometimes he found his patterns in the familiar behavior of men and animals; and he mimicked these behavioral patterns so closely that his forms seemed to represent those behaviors. At other times he distorted these familiar patterns in order to call attention to some of the more subtle relationships he recognized within them; and sometimes he took familiar patterns out of context and tried to clarify his own understanding of them by viewing them from new angles. And at times he began with nothing more than a vague conception of a pattern he had half-recognized in his awareness of a scene, or event, or a small patch of roughness he had noticed within the context of the universe — or within the context of his own thoughts and feelings about the realities of his own existence.

And so it was that ART gave form to his own recognition of many interesting patterns in many interesting ways. And so it was that ART created a mandala — even as many finger-painting children

are intent on creating such forms today.

What function was performed by ART's mandala? Only the function of being interesting in its own right; only the function of evoking interesting thoughts and feelings.

As I have been talking about UG and SCI and ART, I have seen many of you nodding your heads — not in boredom, but in recognition of the fact that "this is how it is with you." And so I think that UG and his companions have served my purpose — which was to induce you creative people to start thinking about your own creative experiences in your own individually creative ways. (Of course, I also noted some frowns and head shakings — and other evidences of disagreement and disapproval; and that's just about par for the course with my students, too...) But my larger intent is to induce you to start thinking about how you can involve your own students in the process of creating the kinds of ideas and forms which are represented by words like dance, sport, exercise, and physical education — so you might also be thinking about such ideas while you enjoy your lunch.

II. THE CREATIVE PROCESS: DANCE

Let me begin this session by asking: How many of you identify yourselves as "dance persons"? How many as "sport persons"? How many as some other kind of "physical education person"? How many of you are convinced that you do not understand dance? That you do not want to understand dance? Or that this sort of thing is not for you?

I get about the same distribution in most of my graduate seminars — and so I never plunge headlong into the idea of dance. Rather, I begin with other kinds of patterns and designs, and our interest in them.

Usually I begin by drawing three straight lines of the same length — because many students are afraid of curves or asymmetrical arrangements. My first sketch usually shows these three lines marching across the board, vertical and parallel. Then I begin to rearrange these lines in various ways, perhaps narrowing the space between the first two lines and moving the third one farther to the right. Or I may zig-zag them, putting two high and one low; or I may turn them to the horizontal — or perhaps arrange them in a closed triangle, or an open triangle, or perhaps put them into some intersecting arrangement such as a "star" or asterisk.

As I do this, I do not ask: What do these patterns mean? What connotations do you find in them? Rather, I ask: Do you find these arrangements interesting? Do you like some of these patterns more than you like others? Do you find some of these arrangements distasteful?

Then I ask the students to experiment with other arrangements, suggesting that they might wish to enclose each arrangement in a square, rectangular, or circular frame, to set it apart from the others and to focus attention on it. (Perhaps you would like to try this?)

Then, when every student has covered a page of his notebook with such experimental arrangements, I ask each student to pick out the one which is most interesting to him, and show it to his neighbor. Some students choose parallel designs; some prefer symmetrical arrangements; others do not like symmetry or parallels. Some like closed designs; others select open-ended arrangements; and so on. But every student discovers that he does have preferences, and often very strong preferences for certain kinds of designs; and most students discover that they are resistant to certain other patterns.

Then I may suggest adding a curved line — perhaps a curve suggested by the flight of a tennis ball or a badminton bird or a basketball; or I may add a couple of small circles to one of the designs on the blackboard, or sketch several arrangements of three lines and two circles. And soon the students are composing all manner of sketches and designs — even as most of you are now doing.

Take this one for example. What ideas does it suggest to you? What feelings does it evoke? Perhaps it suggests a face? The sun rising — or setting — on the horizon? Sand, sky, sea? A lone tree, a moon, and a tiny man? Or take this one. What feelings does it evoke in you? Do you like it? Do you dislike it? Does it bore you? Do you find it interesting in its own right?

So we start with three straight lines, two circles, and perhaps a couple of curved lines, and we come up with countless ideas, all kinds of reactions, and many ways of thinking and feeling about the patterns made by a few lines sketched on a piece of paper.

Then we may experiment a bit with making patterns by moving our hands and fingers in space. As each person finds or creates an action pattern that pleases him, he shows it to his neighbor; and we may decide

that we would all like to perform some of these patterns. So we do them in unison, perhaps adding some foot-leg patterns, or a few foot-stampings to accent the timing of this group performance. And again we find that different people like different patterns, and that each person has his own likes and dislikes, even though he can not explain why he finds one patterned routine interesting and another uninteresting or distasteful.

Eventually, we shift our attention from pattern-making to communication, and attempt to convey a recognizable idea by moving only one arm and hand. (Perhaps you would like to try this one, too?)

Theoretically, you are standing behind a concealing curtain, and only your right hand and arm are visible to your partner. Perhaps you might begin by waving your hand. How many different "waves" can you make? How many "ideas" or "feelings" can you communicate to your partner by varying the pattern of your "wave"?

Now convert your wave into a handshake. How many ideas can you communicate by varying the pattern of your movements as you extend your hand, grasp the hand of your partner, and withdraw your own hand?

Choose a handshake that is interesting to you, and explore the various patterns in it. Exaggerate some of these patterns, emphasize and repeat others, diminish the range or scope of others. Then put together a sequence of patterns that can be performed in about fifteen seconds.

While you are doing this, let me tell you about Bill and the insight he found in watching the communicative hand-arm patterns created by two of the more experienced choreographers in one class, which happened to meet in the evening.

At nine o'clock the next morning Bill was waiting in my office,

because he just had to talk about this remarkable experience; and what he said went something like this.

"You know, when Gay and Don moved their hands back and forth on the blackboard, I didn't see their hands at all. I saw two teen-agers who were trying to get together for their first kiss; and it really shook me up. So I went home, awakened my wife, and tried to tell her about it. I couldn't explain it, really, but I tried to show her how their hands and fingers had moved back and forth and in and out, advancing, withdrawing, and finally coming together. I told her that there was nothing bad about this; it wasn't evil; it was good. I tried to explain to her that some dancing might be very evil, as we have been taught to believe that it is, but it was also possible that the authorities of our church didn't really understand the difference between the kinds of dancing that breeds evil thoughts and the kinds of dancing that can make you have good thoughts and feelings. So we decided that we would try to explain this to our pastor, and perhaps he would let us work out a way to provide some good kinds of dancing for the young people in our church. By then it was two o'clock, but she wanted to dance as much as I did, so we pulled down all the shades, turned on the radio, and tried to dance together. Would it be OK if I brought my wife to class next week?"

(We won't have time to look at everyone's handshake patterns, but perhaps you would like to pull your chairs into groups of six or eight and demonstrate them to each other in these smaller circles.)

The next week Bill brought his very attractive young wife to class, and we moved into the studio to experiment with many kinds of patterned movements. Some of the patterns we used were taken from the Israeli water dance called Mayim; others were taken from one of

the many variations of Miserlou, and still others were taken from the American square dance called Texas Star, and from the Beer Barrel Polka, the Skate, and the Mashed Potato — but many other familiar dance forms could have served our purpose equally well.

We did not talk about these dances, and nothing was said about their ethnic derivations or the settings in which they had been — or were still being — danced. Rather, we treated them strictly as sequences of movement patterns, which were demonstrated and then performed at full speed, with the recorder turned up to full sound. I made it clear that no one was obligated to perform any of these patterns, but I did suggest that it would be sporting to at least give them a try; and after some initial hesitation everyone got into the act — including Bill and Bill's wife.

At the next meeting of the class I asked: What did we do last week? And they answered: We hopped on one foot, we hopped on the other foot, we crossed the right foot behind the left, and the left behind the right; we stepped, jumped, clapped hands, moved in circles, moved in squares, and made patterns in space.

Then I asked: Why would any intelligent person be interested in an activity that involves hopping, crossing, stepping, jumping, leaping, clapping, moving in circles, moving in squares, and making patterns in space? And they answered: It was fun; it was interesting; it felt good to move in these ways — or at least in some of these ways.

But I did not ask: What meaning did you find in your own performance of these patterned movements? What feelings did you experience as you moved in these ways? Rather, we recognized that some people liked the feelings that were evoked by Mayim — but others did not. Some found the patterns of Miserlou fascinating, while others preferred

Texas Star or the Mashed Potato. And I confessed that the Mashed Potato was not for me — and that I feel much the same way about the minuet. And soon everyone was trying to tell everyone else about what he liked and what he did not like — and thus we began to understand what dance is all about.

But of course it was only a matter of time until someone voiced the familiar objection: Yes, social dance is OK, and maybe square dance and folk dance for those who like it — but not all that arty stuff you dancers are always trying to ram down our throats — and not a lot of silly prancing around in black underwear. And then, of course, the dancers started talking "dance talk" — and in all truth some of them were just a bit condescending in their attempts to explain the import of dance as an art form.

Eventually this happens in most of my graduate seminars — and I must admit that I often try to make it happen so every student can air all of his gripes and aversions. Then, when everyone is exhausted, and everyone has said his say, I try to inject a note of reason into the emotional argument by saying: Let's examine some of the statements we have been making.

Did the dancers really say that dance is a "higher" form of movement than basketball? Did they say that it requires a higher level of skill and understanding? Or did they say only that dance required a different use of skill? And a different kind of understanding?

Did the dancers really say that anyone who doesn't understand dance is a stupid dolt? Did they really say that any stupid dolt can acquire the skills and understandings of basketball — but only a precious few gifted and artistic people can comprehend dance?

And at that point someone usually mutters: Well maybe they didn't say that — but that's how it sounded to me. Anyhow, I know that dancers think athletes are a bunch of squares — just because we don't like to prance around on our tippy-toes with a bunch of arty homosexuals, trying to be graceful and feminine. And no matter what you say, I just don't like that sort of thing, and I'm not going to have anything to do with it.

So I may say: Are you saying that dance is not your "thing"? Are you saying this about dance-in-general? Or only about certain kinds of dance? Frankly, I dislike certain kinds of dancing, and I avoid those kinds of dancing — much as I avoid boxing and wrestling and baseball, because I find them distasteful or boring. And probably everyone in this room has his own likes and dislikes in sport as well as in dance. But surely this is no great crime. Surely there is no reason why anyone <u>should</u> like sport-in-general, or any particular form of sport. And equally there is no reason why anyone <u>should</u> attend dance concerts or perform in them — or like what he sees on the stage when he does attend a dance concert. So what are we quarreling about? I think it is highly unlikely that any two persons will ever wholly agree with each other about the values they find in any form of human endeavor — and certainly both are equally entitled to their own opinions; but perhaps as educators we can try to understand each other's interests, and respect each other's right to pursue his own interests in his own way?

In time, we shall talk about ATH, the first athlete, and his deep and abiding interest in many kinds of sport; but for now, let us talk about KOR, the first choreographer, and DAN, the first dancer, so we can speculate about the process of creating and dancing a dance.

Probably the first patterned movements devised by men can best be described as gestures, which were created in a spontaneous attempt to communicate an idea — such as "go away" or "come here" or "I am here" or "look at me" or "I want you" or "no, I won't" or "I don't want that." All children create such gestures; and all parents understand such gestures, and use similar ones to communicate with their children. So it seems likely that UG and his wordless companions, KOR and DAN, also communicated with each other in this way.

However, very young children also devise or discover certain movement patterns which do not serve the need to convey a specific idea, command, or demand. Take bouncing, for example. Many children who are barely able to stand upright will stand in the middle of the floor — or perhaps in front of the television set — and jiggle or bounce up and down. And, as you have all observed, each child develops his own characteristic bouncing pattern — and will delight in repeating it again and again. Or he may find satisfaction in repeating a hippity-hop, or in spinning around, or in moving his hands and fingers in ways that seem to please him. So it seems likely that UG and KOR and DAN also bounced, and jiggled, and wiggled their fingers in satisfying ways.

Most of the primitive dances that we know anything about — and most of the dances being danced today — can be described as a combination of these two kinds of patterned movements. So it seems likely that KOR's first dance emerged as a combination of gesture-type movements and other movement patterns which were satisfying to him in their own right. But the important question is: How did KOR happen to create this sequence of patterned movements? How did he happen to discover the trick of combining patterned movements in a dance-type sequence?

I think it all began with a vague feeling of being perplexed by "the general mess of imprecision of feeling undisciplined squads of emotion" — because I think that this is how all creative endeavors begin. Perhaps those feelings were born of his confusion and ambivalence about the unseen and unknown forces that seemed to govern his life; or perhaps his need to try to sort out his own understanding of those forces was very great. And so we may picture him, standing alone in an open space, looking up, looking down, scuffing at the earth with his feet, and clutching at the emptiness of space with his hands, searching without really knowing what he was trying to find.

Perhaps as he looked up toward the all-encompassing sky he was overwhelmed by its immensity and power, and in his own feeling of helplessness, he bowed his head in submission — or perhaps he threw himself prostrate on the ground. Or perhaps he sought to persuade those powerful forces by reaching upward in a gesture of pleading or supplication, and — getting no answer — he dropped his arms as his whole body drooped with resignation. Or perhaps he felt his own anger, and shook his fist at the sky in a gesture of defiance — a gesture which called attention to his own powers. And perhaps at times he just stood there, trembling, bouncing up and down in agonizing ambivalence, scarcely knowing what he was doing.

But even as KOR was moved by these complex and confused feelings, each act, gesture, or movement — each "raid on the inarticulate" — served to intensify, clarify, and formulate his awareness of those feelings; and so he began to explore the possibilities of some of the more interesting patterns — in much the same way you did when you were wiggling your fingers and waving your arms. In short, he did precisely what ART did with the interesting patterns he discovered or created in the blob of clay. Perhaps he lifted both hands

toward the sky, straight up; then he stretched his arms a bit; and perhaps he tried them out at a diagonal; and maybe he wiggled his fingers to call attention to his empty hands. Or perhaps he made a fist, and shook it at the powerful sky — one shake, two shakes, a whole series of vibratory shakes — and perhaps a few stamps of his feet, a step forward, a stamp, etcetcetcetc... until he had put together a sequence of movement patterns which somehow felt right to him because they seemed to formulate or intensify certain feelings that were important to him.

In Movement and Meaning, I have described how KOR then danced the dance, or perhaps it was danced by DAN — and how UG and his companions reacted to it, and how some of them eventually danced it, while others watched, and still others were bored — or perhaps disgusted by it; and I usually take my classes through the entire process. But perhaps we can save time by assuming that most of you have been through that part of the process many times.

So let me return to Bill and his wife, and their subsequent attempts to understand what dance is all about.

Of their own volition they decided to attend a dance concert I had mentioned in class; and I saw them in the lobby during intermission. So I greeted them and asked if they were enjoying the concert. Bill hesitated until his wife found the right words, saying: "Well I don't think we really understood all of it." To which I responded: "Who does? I didn't dig that last number at all — and frankly I don't think I even want to try to understand it, because I thought it was ghastly. But the opening dance — I liked that, and I thought it was delightful." To which Bill and his wife responded in one breath: "We thought that one was beautiful!"

So we talked a bit about feeling free to like whatever we did enjoy — and about feeling free to dislike dances which did not appeal to us. And they went back for the second half less concerned about trying to understand every turn or twist of the movement patterns and more willing to sit back, relax, and "let it happen" for better or for worse.

Many of the students in my classes do attend at least one dance concert, but others do not; and so I sometimes bring some semblance of a dance performance to them. Perhaps one or two dancers in the class will choose to develop a dance, or on occasion I may have students who are working on a master's degree dance project, and they offer us a preview in the studio.

By this time all of the students know each other fairly well, so the dancers are not seen as "artists" performing at a distance but as "familiar acquaintances" doing their "thing" at close range; and everyone is wholly intent on seeing every detail. At this close range, they see the intricacy of the patterns; they recognize the skill, the control, and the artistry that is being displayed by the dancer; they see that every pattern has been planned, polished, and perfected; they recognize that the dancer is making it look easy and effortless by exerting great effort; and none of them miss the sweat on the dancer's brow. Then too, at this close range there is something very personal about their identification with the dancer, and they become personally involved in the dance and in the feelings it evokes in them.

Usually the applause is deafening, and wholly sincere — and somehow it is then very easy to ask these choreographer-dancers, who are also their friends, all the questions they felt they could not

ask in the classroom.

How do you get an idea for a dance? How do you work out the movements or the patterns? How do you know when you have the right combination? When you fell down — how did you do that? You didn't really fall that hard, did you? What were you thinking about when you were up there on the edge of the box? When you were making your back and shoulders move that way? What do you feel? Do you feel what you made us feel? Or are you concentrating on the movements — and what comes next?

But perhaps the most important question is: What did that movement mean — the one where you raised your leg sidewards and twisted your foot that way? And the dancer's honest answer: I don't know. I just raised my leg and twisted my foot that way — and somehow it felt like the right way to move at that point, so I built that part of the dance around that movement pattern. But if you ask me about the arm-wave in the first dance I did, yes, I used a conventional gesture there to indicate or denote a recognizable idea — and then I elaborated it into a complex pattern, like this. But I can't tell you what those elaborations mean, because I don't know. They just felt right, and it seemed to me that they did expand and illuminate the idea and my feelings about the idea...but I couldn't possibly explain what they meant to me...not because I don't know, but because it isn't a word sort of understanding...

And thus we return to ART's question: Is it interesting to <u>you</u>? Does it evoke interesting thoughts and feelings in you? If it does, look at it, listen to it, focus your attention on it — and let the interesting thoughts and feelings happen. Do not ask the artist to tell you what it means. Let your own wordless thoughts and feelings

happen in you; let it mean whatever it means to you; and let yourself experience those wordless meanings — because that is what art is all about.

Eventually, when I ask the students in my classes to "compose a dance" which children might dance on some holiday or other occasion, most of them accept this assignment with good grace. Like KOR, many of them start with denotational patterns — perhaps using the floor pattern of a star or a Christmas package or a familiar gesture, perhaps a wave or a handshake; and then they put in some claps, some stamps, some hops, some cross-right cross-left; and soon they stop asking what each movement means. Rather, they become involved in the task of bringing all of these elements together in a stylized way that feels right to them — and at this point even the most resistant ones begin to understand what dance is all about.

Certainly they do not all become choreographers or dancers, and some leave my class still thinking that dance is not for them — and probably they are right. Certainly dance does not appeal to everyone — and neither does symphonic music or representational sculpture or poetry or non-representational painting — or football, or science, or whatever. But I think they all leave my class feeling a little more free to like what they do like and not like what does not appeal to them, without feeling apologetic, resentful, or secretly ashamed of their inability to dig dance or poetry or whatever. And many feel free to follow their own creative bents in whatever media may be interesting to them — either verbal or non-verbal.

I shall talk about this tomorrow — but for now, let me end this session by suggesting that it might be interesting for you "sport persons" to "take a dancer to dinner." Perhaps you have more in common than you thought you did...

III. THE CREATIVE PROCESS: SPORT

For some years now I have been trying to look at the phenomenon called sport from two quite different points of view. In part, I have been studying it from the outside — trying to view it objectively, and trying to describe it in much the same way any anthropologist, sociologist, or social historian might describe the origins, development, and characteristic patterns of any man-made social institution. In part, I have also been studying it subjectively — trying to get at the kinds of emotions, feelings, conceptions, and thoughts that are generated by the personal experience of being involved in such man-made activities and behaviors.

This morning I shall move back and forth between these two kinds of observations — beginning with the subjective approach.

My own personal involvement in sport-type experiences has always been somewhat limited; and, in all truth, I have never been much of a performer in any sport. So I have sought out people who know the inside story of sport much better than I do, and then asked them to tell me about some of the dimensions of their own involvement in such experiences.

For example, I asked a 250 pound lineman, who has spent ten years on various football fields, what he finds in the experience of taking three steps forward in order to smash into another man who is as big as he is. In that conversation I learned that the role of the lineman is far more complex than it seemed to me; I learned a lot about running patterns; and I learned about the differences between offensive and defensive play and the differences between "inside" and "outside" position play. I also learned that a lineman does not "smash into" his opponent; rather, he tries to "drive right through

him." But the most important thing that came out of this particular conversation was a phrase I shall cherish forever.

Naively, I asked Jim if it didn't hurt to hit and be hit like that; and he said: "Have you ever hit anyone as hard as you can? ...No, I suppose not...because you're not the type. But for me, when I really do get everything I have into it, there is such an explosion of joy in me that I couldn't possibly feel pain." And then he added: "But when I goof off...if I hold back...even when I do bring my man down, it hurts like hell."

An "explosion of joy"! I said: "Jim that is one of the most beautiful phrases I have ever heard. And now that you say it, I know that I have felt that same joy on the golf course — in those rare moments when, somehow, I did get all of me into one perfect swing. And you are so right, it really didn't matter whether the ball went all the way or not — the joy was in the swing. And, conversely, there was no such joy in a clumsy shot that just happened to land on the green..."

The next morning Jim came in, standing tall and proud. He said: "I want to tell you something. Last night, for the first time in my life, I said the word <u>beautiful</u> out loud — and I was not embarrassed. And do you know who I said it to? I said it to my high school football squad — because their play <u>was</u> beautiful. And do you know what? They didn't think it was ridiculous for a big strong guy like me to be using that kind of language. ...so then I told them about "the explosion of joy" ...and they thought this was great, because they did understand what I was trying to say."

Another cherished phrase came out in a conversation with a gymnast, who felt no need to apologize for his own emotions as he

talked about "doing a routine on the parallels." He said: "There's this feeling of wholeness...you know how it is...before you start your routine you are thinking about how it goes and how you are going to move into it...and maybe you are a bit shaky inside. But as you make your first move, all of you is there...and there is no uncertainty, no indecision...no part of you is left out...and somehow every shred of your being is involved in this effortless sort of all-out effort to use yourself in this way. It's beautiful...I feel whole...or maybe you would say I feel like a fully-integrated, fully-functioning, and fully-involved person. For me, there is nothing else quite like it..."

Then one more example. Jim and Bob are both "high-level performers" who have achieved much success in their chosen forms of sport competition; but Ann will never be a champion in table tennis, or in any other sport. So I asked her why she comes to the physical education building at noontime for the purpose of knocking a ping pong ball back and forth across a wooden divider. She said: "Maybe this sounds silly, but for me it's the greatest...the most. I don't know how to say this, but somehow all of me is there when I pick up that silly paddle...most of the time I'm such a scaredy-cat...fussing, worrying ...afraid, pulled in a dozen directions...so I can never really go all out about anything. But somehow when I pick up that paddle, I do know what I'm doing...and even though I don't do it very well, for a few minutes all of me is there...and somehow I seem to come into focus. Maybe it is silly to care so much about a silly game that I'm not very good at...but for me it's the most...just to go all out without holding back...it's beautiful!"

Virtually every athlete I have talked with has thanked me for inducing him to explore his own feelings about sport. Many have said:

"I have never said these things out loud..." And one veteran coach said: "Thank you...you have no idea how wonderful it is to stand up and tell it like it is...without having to yak around about physical fitness and character building..trying to justify your own involvement in athletics."

No one of these athletes quoted Wallace Stevens to me; but all of them liked the line about "a flow of meanings with no speech — and of as many meanings as of men," because this is what sport is to them. And most of them understood the lines that read:

I measure myself
Against a tall tree:
I find that I am much taller,
For I reach right up to the sun
With my eye...

Nevertheless, I dislike
The way the ants crawl
In and out of my shadow.

But how did it all begin? In those long-ago days of UG and SCI and ART and KOR and DAN, was there also a man called ATH who devised the idea of athletics? Perhaps there was — and perhaps he, too, was perplexed by "the general mess of imprecision of feeling undisciplined squads of emotion". And so we may picture him standing in an open place, perhaps bouncing up and down, trembling with uncertainty and indecision, scuffing at the earth with his feet, and clutching at the emptiness of space with his hands. And in time, his hand closed around his spear or some other long, slender stick of wood; and almost without thinking about what he was doing, he hurled his spear into space — much as he might throw it at an animal in the hunt. But there was no animal in the clearing...and his stick fell to the earth some distance away.

Then, as I speculated about ATH's efforts in Movement and

Meaning, I saw him walk across the clearing, pick up the stick, and carry it back to the starting line. Perhaps he stood there for a moment, hefting the stick and getting the feel of the throwing action — and then he threw the stick again, making it fly past his first mark.

Probably some of ATH's companions thought that ATH had taken leave of his senses. Why was he throwing a stick at the nothingness of empty space? Why did he aim at nothing, when he might better be aiming at an edible animal or bird? But some of ATH's companions were intrigued by his absurd behavior; and soon one of them walked to the clearing, picked up his own stick, and hurled it toward the mark ATH's spear had made on the dusty earth. Perhaps he exeeded ATH's mark; or perhaps his spear fell short — but in either case it was difficult to compare the two throws, because his stick was longer and heavier than ATH's, and he had moved beyond ATH's starting line before he released the spear.

And so, in their own wordless way, the two athletes agreed on a starting line; they found two sticks of the same length and thickness; they agreed on no running, toes behind the line, one hand only, take turns, and no interference. Then they both threw in the same direction; marked the place where their sticks struck the earth; and compared their throws.

Perhaps ATH and his opponent were able to work out such rules for themselves — even as pre-school age children have been known to do, but there are some very complex concepts involved in this idea of equating or equalizing implements and action patterns, and I am inclined to doubt that ATH was able to handle all of them. But perhaps he did — and probably he and his opponent did compete with each other in their

own way.

However, I think we can get more insight into the origins and motivations of sport-type competition by moving forward in history to the time of the Trojan Wars — which were fought only three thousand odd years ago, during the 12th century B. C. So let us turn to the story of the track meet which celebrated the excellence of Patroclus, as Homer told it in the Iliad.

As you probably remember, Patroclus was a nobleman, a warrior, and a hero, who fought and died on the bloody plains of Troy. In his brief life time he did well and gloriously all that the gods and other men might expect such a man to do; and so, at his funeral, his companions thought it fitting to remind the gods of "the excellence of Patroclus" by calling attention to some of his most glorious deeds.

Thus, his companions threw javelins, hurled stones, drove horse-drawn chariots at full speed, ran as fast as a man could run, and wrestled with each other in hand-to-hand combat. But they did not perform these glorious deeds in the same way that Patroclus had performed them in the heat of battle.

On the battlefield Patroclus seldom had an opportunity to demonstrate how far he could throw a spear. On the battleground he had to throw on the run, and he had to throw at other men who were running toward him with their own spears at the ready; so he had to adjust his aim and force to the requirements of the moment, always keeping his own guard up to ward off the enemy spears and arrows. As he threw, other warriors often jostled him, or his feet slipped in the muck, or his throw was hampered or hindered by any one of the countless circumstances and necessities of war.

In the funeral competitions, the companions of Patroclus tried

to rule out all of those hampering and hindering circumstances; and they tried to give each warrior a fair chance to demonstrate his own maximum spear-throwing ability. They did this by converting the deadly act of spear-throwing into the harmless act of throwing a stick at empty space; and they identified this non-consequential act as a wholly voluntary action which a man might choose to perform for his own reasons. Then they set aside a time and a place for the performance of this action, and announced a set of rules which would impose the same conditions on all competitors; and they appointed an official judge, giving him the power to impose those same conditions on all men who entered into the competition.

Thus, as each warrior stepped up to the starting line, he knew precisely what he was going to try to do; he knew he would have a fair chance to perform that action as well as he could perform it; and he knew how the outcomes of his efforts were to be evaluated — and by whom.

Freed of all the hampering circumstances of war, he was free to go all out, holding nothing back; he was free to focus all the energies of his mortal being on one supreme attempt to hurl his own javelin at the nothingness of empty space. He was free to throw his own stick as far as he could throw it; or he was free to run as fast as he could run, to hit as hard as he could hit, to leap, to jump as high, as far, as he could leap and jump. In short, he was free to use his own human powers in open contest with the powers of other men; he was free to bring all the forces of his own being to bear on the performance of one self-chosen human action.

The Greek warriors created this moment of freedom for themselves — and for all men — by devising the paradoxical rules of sport compe-

tition. These rules impose restrictions on human behavior by defining one set of actions and by specifying how those actions may be performed; but within those restrictions they offer every competitor an opportunity to know the feeling of being wholly free to go all out — free to do his utmost — free to use himself fully in the performance of one act of his own choosing.

And so we must note that the Greek warriors did not show the gods how well Patroclus had actually performed the gallant actions of his life. Rather, they showed the gods — and other men — and themselves — how well each warrior could or did perform his chosen action under ideal conditions which offered him a fair chance to do his own utmost as a man among men.

The Greek warriors created this paradoxical moment of freedom for themselves — and for all men — by ruling out the conditions that hindered and hampered the excellence of Patroclus; or we might say that they created this moment of freedom for themselves by ruling in the pattern of an idealized world in which every man might make full use of all the energies of his mortal being, unhampered and unhindered by forces of circumstance and the necessities of life.

And thus it was that the Greek warriors composed

> A new text of the world,
> A scribble of fret and fear and fate,
> From a bravura of the mind...
> A courage of the eye...
> A text of intelligent men
> At the center of the unintelligible...

The excellence of Patroclus. A man-made moment of freedom to go all out. A feeling of wholeness. An explosion of joy. Truly these are beautiful ideas! But what about the realities of sport competition? Does every sport contest reflect these beautiful ideals of human freedom, human wholeness, human excellence? Alas, no. Homer's description of

the funeral contests does not support this exalted theory; and neither does any newspaper account of the events now occuring in Mexico City — or any recollection of my own experiences on the golf course.

So let it be said to the glory of the Greek warriors — and to the glory of sport from that day to this — that most of the competitors did honor their own paradoxical man-made rules, and many did demonstrate their own human excellence within the idealized rules of sport competition. But they also argued with the officials and with each other. They boasted and bragged; they belittled the powers of other men; they devised strategies that gave them advantage over other competitors; they made side bets; they lost their tempers; they were often vindictive, vengeful, and hateful; and many of them cheated their own rules when the officials were not looking — even, alas, as you and I have sometimes done in the heat of battle — even, alas, as we have sometimes done in the self-revealing test of sport competition.

As the competitors in the early Olympic contest put it, every contender who submits his own excellence to the test of sport must "stand naked before his gods" and reveal himself as he is in the fullness of his own human powers. Stripped of all self-justifying excuses by the rules of sport, he must demonstrate his own ability to perform one act of his own choosing; and naked of all pretense, he must use himself as he is, in all the wholeness of his being as a man.

In that self-revealing moment, no man can delude himself, for every competitor must experience himself as he is — in all the complexity and ambivalence of his own feelings about himself, his gods, and other men who claim the right to share the universe of his existence. If he is a proud man, he will experience his own pride. If

he is a domineering man, he will experience his own need to dominate the lives of other men. So, too, a fearful man will know his own fear; a resentful man his resentments; and an anxious man his anxieties. An idealistic man must recognize the reality of his own ideals — and the conflicts he experiences as he tries to live up to them. A chauvinistic man must come to terms with his own chauvinism; a loving man must reveal the limits of his love; and a hating man will experience his own fearful hate.

In the self-revealing moments of sport competition, every man who would know himself at his best must also know himself at his worst; and he can not escape the implications of either image — because this is what he is, this is how he feels, and this is what he does when he has a fair chance to use himself fully in the all-out performance of one self-chosen human action.

Yes, truly it has been said:

I measure myself
Against a tall tree.
I find that I am much taller,
For I reach right up to the sun
With my eye...

Nevertheless, I dislike
The way the ants crawl
In and out of my shadow.

Many of the sport contests invented by the companions of Patroclus have endured for more than three thousand years — and most of them will be hotly contested in Mexico City this month. But human creativity in sport was not exhausted by the ingenuity of the Greeks.

During the Middle Ages, the kings and noblemen of feudal Europe found ways to demonstrate their own excellence by competing with each other in colorful tournaments. For example, they converted the useful, skillful, and necessary actions a nobleman might perform

as he rode his horse into the thick of battle into a series of "knightly exercises;" and they competed with each other in the performance of these actions. In Mexico City, men and women will still compete with each other by demonstrating their ability to perform those twisting, turning, hanging, swinging, and vaulting actions — but they will not ride into the arena on the back of a spirited horse. Rather, they will perform their version of the "knightly exercises" on the back of a stationary, leather-covered horse, and on other equally symbolic pieces of apparatus — familiar to all persons who have ever attended a gymnastics meet.

The hard-working peasants did not ride forth to battle on horseback. They slogged it out on foot, pooling their strength in attempts to push heavy battering rams through the gates of neighboring strongholds, and hurling rocks at the enemy.

Perhaps the peasants recognized the values of cooperative effort. Perhaps they recognized that men who are individually inconsequential can sometimes achieve their purposes by working together as a team. More probably they did not. But in either case, they did devise sport forms which exemplify this principle — for these hard-working peasants invented the prototype of all team sports.

Initially, these team-type competitions were little more than mass mayhem. Half of the peasants tried to push a huge boulder in one direction; the other half opposed their efforts, and tried to move it in the opposite direction — and surely many peasants worked out their frustrations, their aggressions, and their hostilities in this way. But gradually, rules were established, boundaries were marked out, and sticks were set up to represent the gates of the enemy's castle — and you may see those symbolic gates today on the goal lines of every

soccer, football, and hockey field. Gradually, too, the heavy rock was reduced in size, and took on the shape of a sphere, a globe, or perhaps the shape of the world — and eventually this sphere-shaped ball became the object of contest in many team sports.

Much has been written about the ball as a symbolic representation of the ball-shaped earth. Perhaps the peasants noticed this resemblance; more probably they were not consciously aware of it. But in either case it may be noted that the ball did enter into sport at about the time Columbus proved that the earth is round.

As feudal Europe moved into the more complex social patterns of the Renaissance, the old feudal lords were transformed into a new class of human beings called gentlemen. These gentlemen exhibited little interest in the rough team sports of the muscular peasants. Rather they developed sports which were appropriate for men of their caliber.

In these contests between gentlemen, as exemplified by tennis and golf, each man performed alone, or perhaps with one partner, and his opponents were always men of equal social rank. The rules for these sports prohibited any bodily contact between players, and usually there was little direct contact with the object of contest, as such. Rather, a light ball was manipulated with a device or implement which greatly extended the player's reach and force; and this implement was wielded with skill, dexterity, and strategic use of force, rather than with the greatest possible muscular effort.

Did these gentlemen recognize the resemblance between their sport efforts and their conception of themselves as gentlemen who manipulated the things of earth with ease, skill, and light implements? Probably not. But we may conjecture that they found satisfaction in

these sports because they were consonant with their own self-image.

Moving toward our own time, we may note that the invention of new ball games came to an end during the 19th century — with the invention of basketball in 1891 and the invention of volleyball in 1895. And we may note that the new sports of the 20th century exhibit very different patterns of organization.

Today, men have extended their concern for the earthly globe to a vision of the farthest reaches of the universe, and their expectations of exploring that universe are based on their mastery over complex machines and atomic sources of power. Both of these conceptions are reflected in the new sport forms that have been developed in recent years.

In sky-diving, for example, the diver utilizes the man-made power of mechanical flight to carry himself to the heights of the sky — from which he descends with great skill, using his parachute only in the final moments of the dive. In scuba diving, the diver uses the discoveries of modern science and technology to equip himself for his descent into the depths of the sea. And in all forms of mechanized racing, men control the power of motorized vehicles on land, on sea, and in the air — even as they may use these vehicles in machine-to-machine combat in such events as the destruction derby.

These new sports demonstrate "the excellence of Patroclus" in terms that reflect the hopes, dreams and glorious deeds of men now living in the latter days of the 20th century — and it seems likely that many people find them interesting for that reason. But equally, many other men and women, boys and girls, find the actions of the old Greek warriors as challenging today as they were three thousand years ago. So I do not think we can push the resemblances between work and

sport too far.

Perhaps a contestant may find a particular sport particularly meaningful because it does formulate his conception of himself as a man who works or goes forth to battle in this way. But perhaps he may also choose a sport which formulates the basic patterns of his own personality structure — as some psychologists and psychiatrists have suggested. Or perhaps he finds his "explosion of joy" in a particular sport because his own physical being is so admirably designed for the performance of that action. Or perhaps he chooses a sport because he was introduced to it at an early age and became involved in the challenge it provided. Or he may well choose to compete in a sport for the same reason the mountain climber tries to scale Mt. Everest — simply because it is there.

Or he may have other reasons, both understood and not understood. Perhaps he skis because he likes the feeling of cold air as it stings his face, or because he likes the whiteness of snow and the blueness of the sky. Perhaps he swims because he likes the sensation of being supported by the water — or the feeling of being engulfed by its oceanic depths. Perhaps he likes contact sports because he likes the feeling of slamming his body against the body of another person with all his force — or perhaps he avoids the contact sports for the opposite reason. Perhaps he likes the open air and sunlit green-ness he finds on the golf course. Perhaps he likes the smell of sweat — or the feeling of being confined in a closed space. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps...for who can account for all the rational and non-rational likes and dislikes of human beings?

I think that all of these factors are relevant to the choices men may make in sport. I think all of them provide some insight into

men's — and women's — reasons for preferring one sport rather than another. But I also think that all of them are intensified by the feeling of freedom to go all out — the freedom to use all the energies of your own mortal being in the performance of one self-chosen human action.

During the past ten years I have talked with countless people about the dimensions of their interest in the rule-governed competitions of sport. In those conversations I have heard many explanations — but always, sooner or later, I have heard the word "freedom." Freedom to go all out, holding nothing back — freedom to experience myself at my own utmost as a whole-hearted, fully motivated, fully integrated, fully functioning human being. Many of these performers also testified that their all-out efforts in sport had improved their physiological functioning and made them more fit for the rigors of their daily lives. Conversely, others mentioned permanently damaged ankles, knees, hip joints, shoulder joints, necks, and fingers. One was wearing a steel plate in his skull; another was wearing a back brace. But none of them told me that they had entered into sport competition for the purpose of becoming physically fit; rather, they had engaged in competition for its own sake — and had become more fit — or less fit — as a consequence of that involvement. (And in all truth, all of them knew that there are many quicker and easier and more efficient ways to develop muscular strength, flexibility, speed, and cardio-respiratory endurance; and many of them were utilizing these procedures for the purpose of improving their performance in sport.)

Yes, I am interested in improving the physiological functioning of college students and high school students — and in part this

may be accomplished by inducing them to involve themselves in sport. But this is not really why I urge students to find out what sport is all about.

Personally, I never was a "good performer" in any sport — but in my own mediocre way I did participate in sports of my own free will and without hope of reward for many years. That participation was meaningful to me in many ways — and I valued those meanings in the same way that I valued the meanings I found in my encounters with poetry, with music, with drama, with science, with the visual arts, with history, with philosophy. In short, I cherish the meanings I have found in sport as some of the most important meanings I have found in my own commitment to the values of human inquiry, human creativity, and human action. And so I hope that every college student — every high school boy and girl — may have an opportunity to explore his or her own understanding of those sport-type meanings in a way that may be meaningful to him — or her.

Wallace Stevens put it this way:

> Life consists
> Of propositions about life. The human
> Revery is a solitude in which
> We compose those propositions, torn by dreams,
> By the terrible incantations of defeats
> And by the fear that defeats and dreams are one.

And so I think it is with sport. Sport formulates a proposition about the values of human action. In sport, we do not theorize about that proposition — we involve ourselves in it — we act out that proposition — "torn by dreams, by the terrible incantations of defeats, and by the fear that defeats and dreams are one." Yes, in sport we activate our understanding of ourselves and our human situation — we activate our understanding of the human "text" — the text we

have composed

From a bravura of the mind
A courage of the eye...

A scribble of fret and fear and fate...

A text of intelligent men
At the center of the unintelligible...

IV. THE CREATIVE PROCESS: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

While I have been pursuing my own interests in the creative process and the meaningful dimensions of certain kinds of movement-oriented experiences, I have also been trying to find ways to involve students in similar pursuits. Some of the approaches I have used are described in Movement and Meaning, in the Appendix for Educators. Others that I shall talk about have been developed from time to time, either by me, by other teachers, or by students. And surely creative teachers like you can and will devise other ways of inducing students to explore their own understanding of some of the meaningful dimensions of their own physical education kind of experiences.

Within my own understanding of these experiences, I am convinced that much of what we know, understand, feel, and value in our movement-oriented experiences can not be verbalized. Neither, of course, can we ever find words which will wholly diagram and explain our understanding of the thoughts, conceptions, feelings, and emotions which are generated by a music-oriented experience, or by looking at a picture, a painting, a sculptured form, or a mandala. As Wallace Stevens puts it, these experiences may be described as "a flow of meanings without speech — and of as many meanings as of men."

You might keep that quotation in mind as you view the series of slide transparencies I am about to show you; but first let me tell you a little about them.

One of the things we have experimented with in both graduate and undergraduate classes is a series of attempts to formulate some of the difficult-to-verbalize ideas, thoughts, vague conceptions, feelings and emotions we recognize in our involvement in sport. Some students try to do this in words; many others prefer to work with

various non-verbal media. Thus, some attempt various kinds of poetic and metaphorical verbal forms, while others attempt to compose various kinds of music; but most of them choose to work in graphic media of one kind or another, and others find it rewarding to develop spatial or three-dimensional figures in clay.

Here let me say that many people in our field seem to have a strong predisposition toward graphic and spatial forms. Whether or not this is related to their preoccupation with moving their own bodies about in space, I do not know. But you may like to speculate about this...

(You may also be interested in speculating about your own predisposition toward movement — so let me interrupt myself long enough to repeat some comments that grew out of a lunch-time conversation. One of your members was saying that the hardest thing any physical educator might try to do was to sit without moving for an hour — because most of us find this virtually impossible. I know this because I have been on the lecture platform for a long, long time, and I can tell how many physical educators are in any audience within ten minutes.

On occasion, I have lectured to English teachers or people in one of the quieter disciplines — and there they sit, feet on the floor, hands in their laps, virtually immobilized, with their eyes fixed on the speaker. But when I speak to a physical education audience it is like talking to a bucket of worms! They move their hands, they move their feet, they move their heads, they squirm, and they wiggle, and the whole auditorium seems to be in motion. This does not disturb me — because obviously I am one of you — but speakers from other disciplines have told me that they find it hard

to speak coherently to an ever-moving mass....)

Unquestionably, many physical educators — both students and teachers — do have a predisposition toward moving their bodies about in space, and unquestionably they find great joy and delight in the process of exploring the dimensions of space in this way. So it seems reasonable to me that they might also have some affinity for other spatial forms — such as three-dimensional constructions, various kinds of sculpture, and the two-dimensional graphic arts. (It may also be noted that we are often described as non-verbal people, who prefer action to words — and this may also suggest an interest in many kinds of non-verbal forms of expression and communication.)

Within the course of my graduate seminar — and in other courses such as movement fundamentals, tennis, gymnastics, and modern dance — we may ask students to develop a project in whatever medium they like. We do not say: What meaning do you find in skiing? Or in your favorite form of movement? Rather, we ask them to think about their own experiences in skiing, for example, asking themselves what interested them. What do you think about when you think about skiing? How does it feel to ski down the side of a mountain? Can you convey something of those ideas and feelings to someone else without trying to explain them in words?

Sometimes we start them off by showing them a few examples — like the ones I am about to show you. But we do this sparingly, because we do not want to suggest that this project should be done this way or that way. Rather, this project should come out of them — out of their own thinking — out of their own feelings — and out of their own creative ability to develop non-verbal forms which will be meaningful to them.

Through the years, hundreds of these projects have crossed my desk — but I never have very many around at any one time because most students come in to claim these projects at the end of the semester. So a couple of years ago, when one of the students volunteered to photograph a batch of them, I did not have hundreds to choose from. Rather, we had to use those I had on hand — so these are neither the best nor the worst — but only a random sample of those that were available.

Then, as I departed for a sabbatical leave that was to carry me to many countries where English is not well understood, it occured to me that these pictures might communicate some ideas and feelings that I could not put in words. So I took them with me, and used them in such diverse countries as Egypt, Israel, Greece, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Poland — and later in Australia and in New Zealand, where my English is not always understood.

In every country, and in every audience, these graphic and spatial constructions evoked instant recognition, interest, enthusiasm — and communication. Many professors asked me to leave the slides with them — or send them a duplicate set. But I tried to explain my belief that their students would find it more rewarding to formulate their own ideas and feelings in this way — because, of course, this is the whole intent of this project.

Perhaps some of the graphic and spatial forms you will see in this series do have artistic merit; others show a woeful lack of technique and inadequate control of the medium chosen — because most of these students have had no training in art, and no previous experience in working with design, color, clay, collage, or any other "non-verbal" materials and techniques. But again, this is not the

point of the project. The point of making a "graphic" or a "spatial" — which is what we call them — is to examine, explore, and formulate an idea, a feeling, or some aspect of an experience which is somehow meaningful to you.

So please do not try to "make something" out of every slide. Just sit back, look at the screen, and "let it happen" in whatever way it happens to you.

(Dr. Metheny's comments on the slides have been omitted, because it was not possible to reproduce the slides in the Proceedings.)

Yes, these "graphics" and "spatials" — or pictures of them — do communicate ideas and feelings — and many of you have recognized your own feelings in them. But the real importance of these projects, to my way of thinking, lies in the fact that they focus each student's attention on some of the meaningful dimensions of his or her own involvement in sport; and many students have thanked me for this opportunity to explore that involvement. They say: You know, I never stopped to think about all this before — but now that I have, I find that skiing is even more interesting and exciting and wonderful, because I do have some understanding of my own involvement in it.

This does not imply that they then attempt to examine their thinking and feeling about these matters while they are skiing. They do not pause on the ski slope and say: "Now I am seeing this, smelling that, feeling the wind, experiencing my own feelings and emotions in this way." No! To do that would be to defeat the whole experience of skiing — and the whole purpose of skiing — which is to go out on the slope and <u>ski</u>. Rather, the attempt to recall and formulate the sensations, feelings, and conceptions found in the act of skiing serves to intensify their awareness of the many

dimensions of their own involvement in the act of skiing, and they experience their own sensations, feelings, and conceptions more intensely because they have become more aware of them.

Perhaps I should also emphasize the fact that I never ask any student to explain his "graphic" or "spatial" — although many try to do this, because they have so long been led to believe that all understandings can be — or should be — equated with words. But they soon discover that they can <u>not</u> wholly explain why they chose these lines, this design, this juxtaposition of two pictures, or this curved or angular shape. They can only say: I had this idea or this feeling — and I started with this — and then I added this, and moved that around — until it seemed right to me. I really can't explain this — but somehow I understand what it is all about, and it means something to me... Maybe you don't see it this way — but somehow it makes me think about skiing, and my feelings about skiing....and somehow I understand my own feelings about skiing better because I have made this "thing"...and I also understand more about what ART and other artists are trying to do... and why I do not always "get the point" of their pictures and sculptures and stuff...

Many students have found much understanding in their attempts to make "graphics" and "spatials". Others have used musical and non-musical sounds in their attempts to formulate their feelings about certain movement-oriented experiences. One group experimented with "smellies" — compounded out of the familiar odors of the gymnasium, locker room, and other areas in the physical education building. (Don't ask me how they did this — or what was in the jars they brought to class — or what feelings were generated by whiffs of

those odors. But I can assure you that there was instant recognition, awareness, and interest....) Other students try to formulate or evoke their feelings by attempting to put words together in poetic or metaphorical sequences — or by writing short stories. Time will not permit me to cite examples of all of these forms — but I do want to tell you about one poem, which moved me to tears.

It was written by an intense young man who grew up in New York as a member of one of the underprivileged ethnic groups, and it was a comment on his own experiences in a 10 day work shop I conducted last summer. The first two lines introduced the idea of being permitted — encouraged — yes, forced — to explore and formulate his own thinking and his own feelings and his own understanding; the third line read: "And I felt a halo of freedom around my head."

As a teacher, I have often been tempted to tell students what I want them to learn — and often I have succumbed to this temptation. It is easy to tell them what I know, or what I think I know — or what "the authorities" say about exercise, sport, and dance. And I make no apologies for doing this — because this, too, is a part of the educational process. But in the long run, any educational process that does not permit — encourage — yes, force — students to do their own thinking must fail of its own weakness. So I cherish the "halo of freedom" that one student felt around his head in that workshop; and I do try to develop that sense of freedom in my own teaching.

This is not easy to do — not only because students are long conditioned to authoritarianism and verbalization about old ideas, but because they are also suspicious of attempts to manipulate their thinking, and they may resist the idea of exposing their own thinking to teachers who are disposed to grade them on their ability to give

the "right" answer — or the teacher's answer. But once they are convinced that this teacher is genuinely, sincerely, and passionately concerned about their ability to develop their own ideas — and that this teacher has faith in that ability — they will grab the ball and start running with it — and you may well find yourself panting in your efforts to keep up with them.

What other projects have I used in my attempts to induce this self-created kind of understanding? Perhaps you would like to try this one.

Ask the students in one of your major classes to invent a new game which might appeal to children of a given age or background. Or ask them to undertake the onerous task of inventing a new sport, complete with rules, objectives, skills, and penalties — the whole bit. Or ask them to invent an exercise which might serve to increase the range of motion in the shoulder joint or strengthen some particular group of muscles or serve some other specific purpose. Or perhaps an over-all warm-up exercise routine which might be set to music. Or, as we mentioned yesterday, a dance-type series of patterned movements.

In introducing these projects I may throw out some hints and clues, or perhaps an example or two — but I do not offer them a well-structured analysis of the elements that enter into a game — and neither do I tell them how such elements are — or must be — or should be — organized. Rather, I try to flick their own understanding of these things by hitting at it from many different angles, hoping that each flick will evoke other bits and pieces of ideas and insights. I never know what any student "gets" out of this scattered buck-shot approach — but I do know that no two students ever get quite the same set of ideas — and I know that an example or a few words that may

"work" with one student may have no effect on many others. And sometimes it hurts to see two-thirds of the class looking at me with boredom, disgust, and disdain in their eyes — because I really do know quite a lot about games — and it would be so easy to tell them what I know, putting it all together in a logically-outlined sequence, dotting every i and crossing every t, so they could write it all down in their notebooks, learn it, and give it back to me on the final examination verbatim, with no need to think it out for themselves. But later that hurt is forgotten in the "explosion of joy" I feel when some student says: I was thinking...I really don't know where I got this idea... but it just occured to me that... Or perhaps he says with great honesty: I really don't understand what you are talking about when you go rambling on in class...so I really don't know what I'm thinking about while I'm driving home on the freeway...but somehow I just can't stop thinking...and I really do understand what I'm thinking about... and somehow it all makes a lot of sense...and then I get an idea.

So perhaps I should tell you about the most resistant student I have ever had — an older woman who was fighting many battles with herself at the time. Every night she came to class with her jaw set... apparently intent on proving that I was the greatest nincompoop she had ever encountered in all her academic experience. Three years later she walked into my office, stuck out her hand and said: It took three years — but it worked; so I want you to know that I'm trying to activate the thinking of my students — and I'm a better teacher for it.

Many researchers who have been working in the area of creativity have noted that creative people are characterized by the ability to endure a high degree of disorder over extended periods of time. This is not to say that all disorderly people are creative; some of

them are just messy people. But it does say that creative thinking is not a neat and orderly process which proceeds from one neat and carefully-structured idea to another. Rather, it begins as a "raid on the inarticulate" pursued in the "mess of imprecision of feeling undisciplined squads of emotion," and it proceeds as a passionate attempt to find a way to organize some of those disorderly bits and pieces of ideas and feelings into an order that is meaningful to you.

Or, to again quote from Wallace Stevens; this time from a poem called "Connoisseur of Chaos" —

A. A violent order is disorder; and
B. A great disorder is an order. These
Two things are one. (Pages of illustrations)

(This past summer a young man who told me "he had never been in a class with white people before" found these lines intensely meaningful. In our first conference he said: You know that line about "a great disorder is an order"...that's how it seems to be with me right now... And later, he concluded his final examination paper with two other lines taken from that same poem: "The squirming facts exceed the squamous mind, if one may say so...and yet relation appears...")

So I deliberately try to induce "disorder" by tossing out bits and pieces of ideas which are not all neatly fitted together — and each student finds some of them interesting and others stupid — but somehow they do find themselves thinking about some of these bits and pieces — and then they begin to come up with their own ideas — which are not necessarily better than mine, although they may be, but at least they do understand those ideas because they "thought them up" for themselves.

Yesterday, I casually threw in Jim's question to me: Have you ever hit anyone as hard as you can? And his observation: No, of course

not — you're not the type. Perhaps this intrigued some of you? Perhaps you began to wonder about your own hitting ability?

I raised this question in a class composed of freshman women — most of whom come from the ranks of the economically and socially privileged. So we began to argue about this — and we tried shoving each other around, and hitting shoulder to shoulder. Then we asked how it felt to slap the extended hand of another person — and we tried this, too. Then I suggested that they try this with a pillow — in the privacy of their own bedroom — slapping the pillow with their open hands, hitting it with their fists, and then — for contrast — bringing their open hand down slowly and gently until it just barely made contact with the pillow. Then I suggested that they might reflect on these experiences — perhaps jotting down whatever words came to their mind — or perhaps suggesting some of the dimensions of their feelings by sketching a few lines on a sheet of paper.

Later, they told me that they felt like fools sitting there pounding a pillow — but they all said that they had learned something about force, about themselves, and about their own ability to exert force — something I could not have told them — something they had to experience for themselves.

I have also used the old "keep moving" game in this way. The only instruction is that everyone must keep moving but must not touch or come into contact with anyone else. The game begins in a large area which provides freedom for everyone, then bit by bit I push one boundary line toward the other by walking toward the movers with my arms outstretched. Gradually they are forced into a smaller and smaller area, with less and less maneuvering space — and finally

they are all huddled together with their arms held close to their sides, barely able to move.

How do you feel about space? How much space do you claim as your own? How do you feel about touching — and being touched by — another person?

Another technique I have used is called "writing a verbal." I stole this one from a second grade teacher who wrote about it in the NEA Journal. She was using it to teach "the parts of speech" to seven and eight year olds; and she did it this way.

Begin by writing a naming word or a noun — perhaps the name of the game called basketball. Then on the next line write two words which describe the "thing" named — perhaps you might choose the adjectives fast and exciting. On the third line write three verbs or action words — such as run, jump, pass. Then on the fourth line, four "feeling" words or adverbs that suggest your feelings about those actions. Fifth line, repeat the noun.

Here is a football player's verbal, beginning with the noun tackle.

Tackle
Rough, violent
Coil, explode, stick
Thrust, penetration, ecstacy, exhilaration
Tackle

This football player is now a coach; and he found it interesting to explore various aspects of football from both the player's and the coach's point of view.

The player: Practice
Long, tiring
Drill, execute, run
Sweaty, bruised, exhausted, relief
Practice

The coach: Practice
Short, organized
Plan, execute, evaluate
Accomplishment, satisfying, unready, anxious
Practice

A couple of years ago I used this device in a graduate seminar with particularly interesting results. I suggested the noun basketball — because this was one game everyone had played, both men and women. Everyone was soon intent on finding exactly the right word — because they soon found that they simply could not write down a "wrong" word — or one that seemed "wrong" to them; and I noticed that one woman who has coached and played basketball for many years was particularly disturbed by her own efforts. So I decided to bypass her and start on the other side of the room, letting everyone choose to read or not read his "verbal" aloud. But everyone wanted to read what he had written — so I finally had to give her a chance. She began by saying: I was never so shocked in my life! I thought I loved basketball — but I couldn't find any good words to say about it. I kept coming up with words like cluttered, messy, and confusing. And then it came to me -- I don't like basketball!

I said: So you don't like basketball...so what? You haven't committed a crime... Many people don't like basketball...

And she said: Yes, but... Then why have I been so involved in doing something I don't like to do? Why have I insisted that every girl must play basketball?

We have also used "verbals" in freshman body mechanics classes after a strenuous bout of exercises — and it is fascinating to compare these exercise "verbals" with those based on sport. Inevitably, the exercise comments are ambivalent; there is always a sense of virtue in doing something that is good for you — paired with words that express

boredom or distaste. How do you feel about "doing exercises"? Are you a bit ambivalent about "doing push-ups" and "sit-ups"?

Another experiment you might try in your classes is to ask your students to devise a new "skill." One that we have worked with is called "toe kick"; another is "backarm backward throw." The toe-kick skill proved interesting, because it involved an isolated movement which required considerable concentration — and eventually we incorporated it into a game called "toe ball" — which involved propelling a small foam rubber ball by "kicking" it with a flick of the big toe. Then we explored the experience of "learning a skill" by perfecting our "kicks" — and we explored our own involvement in the performance of this absurd action, in practice and in competition, both in individual "kicks" at a target and in "toe-to-toe" combat on a "field" with center line and goal lines.

Or you might ask another group of students to "analyze" some of the patterns in an American square dance — as I have done in Movement and Meaning; and perhaps they will understand why these dances meant more to their ancestors than they do to them. I have also used the Looby-loo story in freshman classes — and the girls find it fascinating. It has never occured to them to think about dance in that way — and as they begin to speculate about other dances, they begin to understand more about what their own interest in dance is all about.

These examples could go on and on — but there is no need for me to multiply them, because most of you are more than ready to seize the ball and go racing down the field with it. In fact, many of you have already taken a lead-off, and you are now engaged in the creative process of thinking up your own ideas, rather than listening to mine.

Yes, I think we have accomplished the purposes of this conference — and so there is nothing left for me to say except thank you for letting me share some of my ideas with you in my own disorderly way. Most of them make sense to me — and I hope some of them evoked some interesting thoughts and feelings in you...